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ma bouchal, sittin abow (above) on the collar-beam, washing his face with his paws, to look sleek and purty for the journey. Well, the gossoons got ready iv coorse, and my poor grandfather put the locks and keys into the sack, and a wad iv sthrow on the top iv them for the cat; so he walked into the mouth iv the sack without the laste trouble in life, and the ould man tied it up courmagh and snug, and set off. Whin the cat felt him goin'—

“ ‘ Now,’ siz he, ‘ if I find you goin’ the road to Wellbrook, (Mr. Handcock’s residence) I’ll never forgive you, dead or alive.’ ”

“ ‘ Never fare, Sir,’ siz Wat, ‘ I never bethrayed any man yit, nor never will—you may thrust your life to me.’ ”

“ At the same time the ould fellow, cute enough, took the straight road to Wellbrook, where the huntsman promised to meet him. Well, though the cat could spake well enough, he couldn’t see through the bag what road they wor goin’, so he never felt himself till afther two miles thravellin’ they heard the yelp iv a hound: they stopt short, and the cat began to grow unazy in the sack, and, without more ado, he stuck his nails in my poor grandfather’s back, and roared out as loud as was in his head.

“ ‘ Wassa Watha (for your life Wat.)’ ”

“ ‘ What ails you avich?’ says Wat, lettin’ on that he didn’t know.

“ ‘ Wid that up comes the huntsman wid the whole pack iv hounds yelpin’ and snarlin’ about. The chap in the bag began to twist and to turn like a dhaudeel (a reptile like a leech,) and stuck his claws into the ould man’s back as far as ever he could.

“ ‘ Hard fortune to you and all your sort,’ siz my grandfather, takin’ courage, and flingin’ the sack in the road.

“ No sooner said nor done; for the weight iv the locks, d’ye see, Sir, burst the ould sack, and out hopt the cat, and maybe he didn’t take to his heels, and the hounds afther him as hard as they could leg. Well, sich a day’s sport wasn’t seen in the country from that blessed hour to this. Away they scampered across the country down to Kilkenny, from that to Clonmel, and from that to Sunday’s Well, near Ballymore; and when the hounds pressed close upon him, he dashed straight ahead into the loch. One Hanly, a fisherman, the heavens be his bed, was there in his boat the same day, and when he seen the cat divin’ like an otthor, he looked down to see what become iv him, an’ sure enough, (for he was a man that wudn’t tell no lie about it,) he seen him go down one iv the chimlies in the loch, (iv coorse, Sir, you’ve heard how the town iv Ballymore was dhrowned in the loch more nor a hundred years ago; and iv a clear day you can see the tops iv the houses.) ”

I expressed my ignorance of the circumstance.

“ Oh, dear, Sir, exclaimed Gordon in amazement, I thought all the world heerd iv the dhrownin’ of Ballymore.”

Then resuming his narrative in his usual tone, he said,

“ But, as I was tellin’ you, Sir, the cat run down one iv the chimlies as nimble as if he had a rat afore him, and tale or tidin’s never was heerd iv him since.”

Thus ended the tale of Mr. Paddy Gordon, the worthy and veracious rival of the equally worthy and veracious Mr. Larry Burke, of cabinet-making, fox-finding, and straddle-making fame. What their respective merits, as annalists of the events of the olden times may be, I cannot presume to judge. Perhaps some future historian, when searching out materials for the history of those days of hunting and hospitality, may derive benefit and information from your pages, should you think proper to give this a place in them; and I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,  
W. C. L.

Baby, the dwarf that lived with Stanislaus, the exiled King of Poland, was so diminutive that he was presented on a plate to be baptized, and for a long time lay in a slipper: at two years’ he was able to walk alone, and was then fitted with shoes that were about an inch and a half long: at the age of sixteen he was twenty-nine inches tall, and very beautiful, and from this period began to decline in health, and died in the twenty-second year of his age.



#### TRESPAN-ROCK, COUNTY OF WEXFORD.

On the road leading to the barony of Forth from Wexford, there lies a range of rocks, forming in themselves a very picturesque object, extending about a mile in length and half a mile in breadth; that part nearest the town is called Trespan rock, a subject worthy the study of the geologist. The formation is the kind of rock commonly called trapstone; the rock is upwards of sixty feet in height from the field in which it stands, and near the centre there is a chasm, or cut, about fifteen feet wide, dividing the rock from the summit to the base; and so perfect is the fracture, that wherever there is a projection on the one side, on the reverse is the cavity corresponding thereto; what is singular, the smaller part, or half of the rock, has actually sunk upwards of ten feet from the natural level. Besides the singularity in the formation of the rock, it is allied to one of the most memorable periods of Irish history, when this town sustained a siege, and was gallantly defended by Colonel David Synnot against the Parliamentarian army, under the command of Oliver Cromwell, in the month of October, 1648. Cromwell formed his camp on the rocks alluded to, part of which still retains his name. There is a tradition here, that when Captain Stafford, the governor, treacherously surrendered the castle to him, he marched his troops through the fissure in the rock, but whether that be the fact or not, so late as the summer of 1829 there could be traced the breast-work of a battery for four guns, erected by him on the top of Trespan rock; this has been effaced by the working of a quarry, from whence most of the stone now used in Wexford is drawn. A constant reader,  
C. H. W.

Wexford, 1834.

#### WRITTEN ON A TOMBSTONE, WHERE IS LAID THE SKULL OF A WOMAN.

Blush not ye fair, to own me, but be wise,  
Nor turn from sad Mortality your eyes.  
Fame says, and Fame alone can tell how true,  
I once was lovely and beloved like you.  
Where are my vot’ries—where my flatt’rers now?  
Gone with the subject of each lover’s vow.  
Adieu the roses red and lillies white,  
Adieu those eyes, which made the darkness light.  
No more, alas! that coral lip is seen,  
No longer breathes the fragrant gales between;  
Turn from your mirror and behold in me,  
At once what thousands can’t or dare not see.  
Unvarnished I the real truth impart,  
Nor here am plac’d but to direct the heart.  
Survey me well, ye fair ones, and believe  
The grave may terrify—but can’t deceive.  
On beauty’s fragile base no more depend,  
Here youth and pleasure, age and sorrow end;  
Here drops the mask—here shuts the final scene,  
Nor differs grave threescore from gay fifteen.  
All press alike to that same goal, the tomb,  
Where wrinkled Chloe smiles at Laura’s bloom.  
When coxcombs flatter, and when fools adore,  
Learn here the lesson to be vain no more.  
Yet Virtue still against decay can arm,  
And even lend Mortality a charm.

DUBLIN:

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